

The month of carnival of all the year,  
When nature lets the wild earth go its way,  
And spends whole seasons on a single day.  
The spring-time holds her white and purple dear;  
October, lavish, flaunts them far and near.  
The summer charily her reds doth lay  
Like jewels on her costliest array;  
October, scornful, burns them on a bier.  
The winter hoards his pearls of frost, in sign  
Of kingdom. Whiter pearls than winter knew,  
As empress wore, in Egypt's ancient line,  
October, feasting 'neath her dome of blue,  
Drinks at a draught, slow filtered through  
Sunshiny air, as in a tingling wine.

—H. H., in October Atlantic.

# SAVED.

## A WOMAN'S STORY.

"Miss Violet, will you give this letter to Mrs. Maltby?"

I had my hands full of drawing materials; but I received the letter, and continued on my way to Mrs. Maltby's dressing-room.

The drawings were little studies I had made while down at the seaside, where I had spent my vacation; made for Mrs. Maltby—to whom I had been a companion for a year—and Mrs. Maltby had been interested in them, saying, "Touch them up a bit, Violet, and I will get a portfolio for them, and keep them."

I usually sat with her in her dressing-room through the morning. And thither I now repaired to touch up the drawings, while she sat with her slippers on the fender, embroidering with purple and crimson wools.

I gave her the letter, and went to a low seat in the deep bay-window. I sharpened a pencil, and then happened to glance toward my companion. Her face was ashy white. Her profile was turned toward me. In its regularity and pallor it looked like a face cut in stone. But I had never seen it look so sharp and deadly. The letter was clenched in her hand. I had brought her bad news.

I was shocked, but silent. I tried to remember what I knew of her family relations. She was a handsome, black-haired woman of fifty, who had been early widowed, and returned to her father's house. Her parents were dead. Her mother had died in her infancy, and she had been the mistress of Redburn Hall ever since. It was not long, however, since her father's decease. She had never had a child. She had no brothers or sisters that I had ever heard of. I could not surmise what had happened. I saw her burn the letter; and then she rose and left the room.

Afterwards I guessed whom that communication was from.

A week passed. They were quiet and comfortable, but rather monotonous weeks at Redburn. But, though young, I was less restless than most girls. I was not unhappy with Mrs. Maltby, only sometimes I wished for a little change.

It came—a most startling episode.

We had company to dine—Mrs. Maltby's lawyer and personal friend, from town. I was dressing her hair, as I sometimes did, for she liked my arrangements—pronouncing them artistic. Suddenly, without knocking or warning, the door was flung open, and a young man walked in.

I felt Mrs. Maltby start under my hands. I myself was frightened—the intruder looked so bold and reckless. He was very handsome; but he seemed to me to have been traveling long, or to have come out of some revel. His linen was soiled, his long clustering hair unbrushed, and his eyes bloodshot. Yet his appearance was singularly attractive. I had never before seen so high-bred and graceful a man.

Mrs. Maltby did not speak to him. He seated himself before and not far from her, however.

"Go on, Violet," she said.  
"Certainly; let the young lady proceed with her task," he said, quickly. "What I have to say need not interfere with her employment. I understand that she is your companion and confidant, though I have not had the pleasure of meeting her before."

The last sentence appeared to have been quite mechanically spoken, for he had fixed his eyes fiercely upon Mrs. Maltby's face, and seemed to see only her. I went on pinning up the braids of her hair, as I had been bid, but my hands trembled. I could not see her face, but I think she met that look steadily.

"You refused me," he said, in a far different tone from that in which he had at first spoken, low and concentrated.

"Certainly," she answered.  
"Do you want my blood upon your head?" he exclaimed.

"I wished my hands clear of you long ago," she answered, composedly.

"Long ago," he repeated; and a wave of emotion that was inexplicable to me went over his face.

# The Deaf-Blind's Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME V.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, OCT. 19, 1876.

NUMBER 42.

Then he was silent. I don't know why, but from that moment I pitied him. He got up, and commenced walking the floor.

"I tell you, Winifred, I must have this money," he said. "I must have it, and to-night, to-night," he repeated.

Mrs. Maltby was silent. I caught a glimpse of her face. Flint was not so hard.

"Let me have it, Winifred," he said, pausing before her; "and I promise you it shall be the last time."

She made no reply.  
"The last time. I mean it, Winifred."

His low voice faltered. She did not speak.

"Will you?"

"No," she replied, without any emotion whatever.

His face had been working with some strong, deep feeling, but that monosyllable seemed to strike him like a blow. He stood looking at her, his face still and steepled.

"I did not think God could make such a woman as you are," he said at last.

I felt her shrink beneath the actual horror with which he seemed to regard her. But she spoke with unaltered composure.

"I told you more than a year ago that I should pay no more debts of yours contracted in gambling, or in any other way," she said. "I meant it; you know that I meant it. I have given you fair warning. I shall not change."

He did not speak; his head was drooped upon his breast; he was deathly pale.

"I have done my duty by you, Guy—you know that I have," she added.

"Yes, you have been just, but you have never been merciful," he replied, "O, God!" He flung up his arms with a bitter cry that wrung my heart.

I looked at her. No; she did not relent or go to him. He had flung himself into a chair, and, with his head drooping into his arms folded upon the back, was the most hopeless figure I had ever seen. She rose, for I had finished her hair, and took a seat nearer the fire. Her lips were gray, as if she were cold; but her face was still as inflexible as flint.

He gave a groan, and started up suddenly.

"I am going," he said. "I— He met her eye, and asked, "Why do you not kill me? I was altogether in your hands once. You killed her, you will remember."

A slight blush tinted her cheek.  
"You would have made her happy, I suppose, if she had lived," she said, sarcastically. But the sting did not seem to reach him.

"If she had lived! O, heaven, if she had lived! Winifred, may God deal by you as you have dealt by me."

"I am willing," she answered.  
He remained but a moment longer. Wrapping his cloak about him, he gave her one look of reproach, and left the room. I looked wistfully at her; she did not speak to me; and I, too, went away.

She was ill the next day, but on the following day she appeared much as usual.

Of all that I thought and felt I of course said nothing. The matter was no affair of mine. I understood that the two were brother and sister—that the young man was named Guy Sedley—that Mrs. Maltby had taken care of him in boyhood, but now ignored the relationship. I was in no way allowed to learn any more.

But on the second night I was awakened by a light shining into my chamber. It was something unusual, for the little clock on the mantel was chiming twelve. After a moment, I slipped out of bed, and glided toward the open door. The long embroidered folds of my night-dress nearly tripped me up; but I made no noise with my bare feet upon the deep velvet of the carpet. I don't know whom I expected to see—certainly not Guy Sedley, kneeling before a sandle-wood chest, with papers strewn around him on the floor. A taper burning on the mantel showed his face perfectly cool as he went on searching for something. He must have come through my room to reach the apartment, for it had no opening but into my chamber. I was aware that the papers of the chest were valuable; that there

was money placed there. I saw that he was robbing his sister.

I saw, too, a dirk-knife on the floor, close to his side.

I looked at him an instant—even then I remembered to pity him—then glided forward, snatched the knife, and leaped back to the door. I was mistress of the situation, for I had come from behind him and done all as in a flash; and as he rose to his feet, I stood with a calmness that showed that it was not my intention to immediately arouse the house.

With presence of mind equal to my own, he put the roll of bank-notes he had been searching for into the pocket of his waistcoat, and, with a glittering eye, regarded me speculatively. I was *petite*, and I had not screamed; I know now that he was not much afraid of me.

"You have been robbing your sister," I said; "but if you will put the money back, I will let you go."

His intense attention of me changed to a look of wonder.

"You child, are you not afraid of me?" he asked.

"No," I answered, truthfully.

"But I watched you in your sleep, a moment ago, debating whether it were necessary to kill you or not."

"You must have been glad to find that it was not necessary," I said.

He looked more astonished than before; but I did not stop to think of that.

"Put the money back," I said.

"No!" he said, firmly. "I will murder you first."

"Do not do that," said I. "I am your friend. I was sorry for you that day."

He did not speak, but a troubled look disturbed the pale fixedness of his face.

"How much money have you there?" I asked.

"One hundred pounds."

"And you need it very much?"

"Very much," he replied, with a bitter smile.

"Please put it back," I said. "She has been just to you; I would like to be merciful. I will give you the money."

"You!"

"I have it—yes—here in my room. Let me show you."

I flung open the door, next to my writing-desk, and came back to him.

"These I will give you freely," I said, opening the roll of notes. "You said to her that it should be the last time, and I hope—"

He had taken the notes into his hand, looking at them in a kind of unbelieving way.

"You may hope that you saved me," he said, in a low voice.

We were silent for a moment.

"You know now that I was very sorry for you?" I said, with tears in my eyes.

"Yes," he said, gravely; "and I love you for it."

He put Mrs. Maltby's money back, and rearranged the chest. I began to listen nervously for voices about the house; but all was very still. He locked the chest and gave me the key.

"You know where it is kept?"

"Yes; in a drawer in her dressing-room." I wondered how he had obtained it. "Hasten and get away!"

"There is no danger; I made my way hither carefully. Pure, brave little girl, how fearless you are for yourself!"

He looked at me earnestly, as if he wished to carry away a clear memory of my features; then he wrapped his cloak about him, flung up the sash, and leaped soundlessly out into the darkness. I extinguished the taper, and crept back to bed.

I did not hear a sound about the house until daybreak.

When I arose I saw the dirk-knife glittering in the sunshine near my writing-desk where I had lain it. Then I shuddered.

A year later I was mistress of Redburn; the beautiful house, the spacious grounds were all mine. Mrs. Maltby had died and bequeathed them all to me.

On her dying bed she said, "Violet, you are my heiress. There is only one living being who has my blood in his veins; him I disown." She paused, and then went on: "You have seen my

brother. I loved him; I was ambitious for him, but his natural bent was evil. He had a cousin Flora, a child, who was brought up with him. They were engaged to be married. But I forbade it. I revealed to her his dissipation. I told her of his debts and his deeds of daring. She loved him. She trusted him, but she was delicate, and died. He says I killed her."

She grew pale, even past her dying pallor. She went on: "When I saw him last the officers of justice were after him; he was a defaulter. He had stolen money to pay his gambling debts. He is probably lying in jail now; but I will have none of him. I was just to him, and I will never forgive him."

So she died, hard as flint to the last. And I was mistress of Redburn.

I was young. I was fond of gaiety. I had new means at my disposal. Every summer my house was filled with guests. In the winter I was in London or abroad. And yet I live only on the interest of the money bestowed upon me.

Three years passed. I had never heard a word of Guy Sedley, when, one day, the Bromleys of London, who were coming to visit me, asked leave to bring a friend. I extended the solicited invitation, and Guy Sedley came. It was a shock; but he gave no token of the past. Reclaimed from his errors, he was so refined and manly that he was the most distinguished of my guests.

I loved him, but I thought, "He must hate me, the usurper of his rights. He is poor because I have his patrimony. I have no right to Redburn, and I will not keep it. I will give it back to him."

An opportunity came. He was sitting on the terrace one bright evening. I went and took a seat near him.

"How lovely this view is!" he exclaimed, pointed toward the distant hills.

"Yes, and you shall wish for your right no longer, Mr. Sedley. Redburn is yours. I have no claim to it." He did not speak, and I went on: "Your sister was just. And she would have made you the heir if she had lived to see you what you are to-day."

"But it was your mercy, not her justice, Miss Sedley, that saved me. Violet, I love you, and will take Redburn with your hand, not else."

I put my hand in his, trusting him, loving him utterly, and proud, very proud to make him master of Redburn. Nor have I ever regretted it.

## To Get Out of Debt.

To a young man in debt, Benjamin Franklin gave the following advice: Make a full estimate of all you owe, and of all that is owing to you. Reduce the same to note. As fast as you can collect, pay over to those you owe. If you cannot, renew your note every year, and get the best security you can. Go to the business diligently and be industrious; waste no idle moments; be very economical in all things; discard all pride; be faithful in your duty to God, by regular and hearty prayer, morning and night; attend church and meeting regularly every Sunday; and do unto all men as you would that they should do unto you. If you are too needy in circumstances to give to the poor, do whatever else is in your power to do cheerfully, but if you can, help the poor and unfortunate. Pursue this course diligently and sincerely for seven years, and if you are not happy, comfortable and independent in your circumstances, come to me and I will pay your debts.

A little squint-eyed Chicago boy pranced up to his mother one day this week and said: "Ma, ain't I been real good since I've begun going to Sunday School?" "Yes, my lamb," answered the maternal fondly. "And you trust me now, don't you, ma?" "Yes, darling," she replied again. "Then," spoke up the little innocent, "what makes you keep the cookies locked up in the pantry tho same as ever?" A strange look entered that mother's eye as she endeavored to solve her little son's deepness with the heel-end of her slipper.

Our guides, we pretend, must be sinless; as if these were not often the best teachers who only yesterday got corrected for their mistake.

## Beauty of German Women.

German girls are often charmingly pretty, with dazzling complexion, abundant beautiful hair, and clear, lovely eyes; but the splendid matron, the sound, healthy, well-developed woman, who has lost no grain of beauty, and gained a certain magnificent maturity, as we see daily with daughters who might well be her young sisters—of such women the fatherland has few specimens to show. The "pale, unripened beauties of the North" do not ripen; they fade. "The style is the man," says Buffon; and what style is to literature, taste to dress, and refinement to manners, distinction is to beauty. There must be a certain line, a certain proportion, a healthy development, a harmony, grace, and strength, before we can acknowledge that a greater than the mere passing prettiness of youth, freshness, and good looks is there.

Polish, Hungarian and Austrian women, whom we in a generally conclusive way, are apt to class as Germans, are "beautiful exceedingly," but here we come upon another race, or rather such a fusion of other races as may help to contribute to the charming result.

Polish ladies have a special, vivid, delicate, spirited, haunting loveliness, with grace, distinction and elegance in their limbs and features that is all their own; you cannot call them fragile, but they are of so fine a fibre and so delicate a coloring that they only just escape that appellation.

Of Polish and Hungarian there *par* *sang* there is little to be found; women of the latter race are of a more robust and substantial build, with dark hair and complexion, fine, flashing eyes and pronounced type; and who that remembers the women of Linz and Vienna will refuse them a first prize? They possess a special beauty of their own—a beauty which is rare even in the loveliest English women, rare, indeed, and exceptional everywhere else; a beauty that the artist eye appreciates with a feeling of delight. They have the most delicately articulated joints of any people in the world. The junction of the hand and wrist, of foot and ankle, of the neck with the back and shoulders, is what our neighbor would call "adorable." But, alas! that it should be so; the full gracious figure—type at once of strength and elegance—the supple, slender waists, the dainty little wrists and hands, become all too soon hopelessly fat from the persistent idleness and luxury of the nerveless, unoccupied lives of these graceful ladies.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

## A Touching Scene.

The Newtown (Md.) Gazette says:—The steamer Tangier last Saturday landed at our wharf a negro woman who had been sold "way down South" some twenty years ago. She belonged to the Rush estate, and her father and mother, whose heads are silvered with the frosts of many winters, have remained on their farm ever since. During the war they lost all traces of their daughter and gave her up for lost. In the past few years, however, communication was restored between parents and child, and it has been the one grand hope of their declining years to once more see their daughter. Recently they received a letter from her at New Orleans, saying that she would start for this place.

For the past few weeks every boat day the old couple could be seen in town peering with eager eyes at the faces of the passengers as the boats would reach the wharf. A shade of silent disappointment, and upon a tear, could be seen upon their wrinkled faces when they found she was not aboard. But last Saturday they were not disappointed. As the boat neared the wharf a buxom, comely mulatto waved a handkerchief at the old couple. Pen cannot describe the joy of the party when the woman finally found herself in the arms of her parents. The old lady executed a half-shout, half-fandang, skip around, and the old man stood on his head, and the "hour of jubilee" was on the wharf for many minutes. It was one of the most touching incidents we ever witnessed.

How shall we learn to know ourselves? Not by contemplation, but by action. Strive to do your duty, and you will soon discover what stuff you are made of.

## How John Bunyan Got Out of Prison.

Bunyan was in his day quite a controversial writer, and was very severe upon the Quakers, until he learned that through their intercession he obtained his release from prison. It is a somewhat noteworthy fact, now well authenticated, that Charles II. liberated Quakers and Puritans from confinement through the personal intercession of the Quakers, among whom was Richard Carver, who was mate of the fishing vessel which conveyed the King to France after the famous battle of Worcester, 1651. This honest Quaker sailor, after twenty years had rolled away, appealed to the King in person in behalf of those who were in prison. When the fugitive King fled for his life this sailor conveyed him on shore. The vessel was bound for Poole, coal-laden, with two passengers, who passed for merchants running away from their creditors. The fugitive King and Lord Wilmet were landed at Fecamp, in Normandy, upon the back of a Quaker, and the vessel re-crossed the Channel to Poole. When the honest sailor appeared before his Majesty, the King expressed astonishment that he had not previously sought some reward. The sailor replied that he had done his duty, and God had rewarded him with peace of mind. "And now, sire, I ask nothing for myself, but that your Majesty will do the same for my friends that I did for you; set the poor, pious sufferers at liberty, that you may have that peace and satisfaction that always follow good actions." King Charles thereupon pardoned four hundred and seventy-one Quakers, and many Independents and Baptists—among them, John Bunyan.—*Nashville Christian Advocate.*

## His Little Toes.

In London, a long time ago, I used to know the nurse of the Queen's babies—an excellent, good person, clean and fat and rosy and loving. It might occur to the uninitiated that this person perhaps was a gentlewoman, and that the Queen's babies had real ladies as nurses. But it was not so. This royal nurse was but another Peggy. One day we congratulated her on the excellency of her place. "That it is, indeed, ma'am, a good place," replied the woman warmly; "too good for the likes of me; and yet," said she, her motherly bosom swelling and warm tears gushing to her honest eyes, "it has one great trial—I am not allowed to kiss the children. Being royal 'ighnesses and mean 'ireling, that I am not to be able to kiss 'im is 'ard; but," and here she brightened up considerably, "I don't mind telling you, ma'am, for I don't think it will go any further—though horders is horders—they can't prevent me from a-kissin' of his little toes."—*N. Y. Graphic.*

## Irritating Days.

There are times when everything seems to go wrong. From 7 o'clock A. M., till 10 P. M., affairs are in a twist. You rise in the morning and the room is cold, and a button is off, and the breakfast is tough, and the stoves smoke, and the pipes burst, and you start down the street nettled from head to foot. All day long things are adverse. Insinuations, petty losses, meanness on the part of customers. The ink-bottle upsets and spoils the carpet. Some one gives a wrong turn to the damper and the gas escapes. An agent comes in determined to insure your life, when it is already insured for more than it is worth, and you are afraid some one will knock you on the head to get the price of your policy; but he sticks to you, showing you pictures of old Time, and the hour-glass, and death's scythe, and a skeleton, making it quite certain that you will die before your time, unless you take papers in his company. Besides this, you have a cold in your head, and a grain of dirt in your eye, and you are a walking uneasiness. The day is out of joint, and no surgeon can set it.

The probability is that if you would look at the weather-vane, you would find that the wind is north-east, and you might remember that you have lost much sleep lately. It might happen to be that you are out of joint, instead of the day. Be careful and not write many letters while you are in that irritated mood. You will pen some things that you will be sorry for afterward.

Let us remember that these spiked nettles of life are part of our discipline. Life would get nauseating if it were all honey. The table would be poorly set that had on it nothing but trawls. We need a little vinegar, mustard, pepper, and horse-radish that brings the tears, even when we do not feel pathetic. If this world were all smoothness, we would never be ready for emigration to a higher and better. Blustering March and weeping April prepare us for a shining May. This world is a poor hitching-post. Instead of tying fast on the cold mountains, we had better whip up and hasten on towards the warm inn, where our good friends are looking out of the window, watching to see us come up.

## Our Tongue.

Mr. Washington Moon has written a new work on bad English. Some of the errors which he singles out are decidedly amusing. For example:

"A furrier lamenting, in an advertisement, the tricks played on the public by unprincipled men in his own trade."  
"Earnestly requests ladies to bring to him their skins, which he promises shall be converted into muffs and bonas."  
"Another advertisement ran thus:—"  
"Two sisters want washing."  
"Here must be a strange sight:—"  
"He rode to town, and drove twelve cows on horseback."

"A gentleman advertised for a horse:—"  
"For a lady of dark color, a good trotter, high stepper, and having a long tail."

"Better, more amusing, more instructive, and more credible is the following illustration of the inevitable ambiguities involved in accurate language. One gentleman observed to another—

"I have a wife and six children in New York and I never saw one of them."  
"Were you ever blind?"  
"O, no," replied the other.

A further lapse of time, and then the interrogator resumed the subject.

"Did I understand you to say that you had a wife and six children living in New York, and that you had never seen one of them?"

"Yes, such is the fact."  
"Here followed a still longer pause in the conversation, when the interrogator, fairly puzzled, said—

"How can it be that you never saw one of them?"

"Why," was the answer, "one of them was born after I left."

## Oratory vs. Journalism.

The day for speeches has gone by. Webster, Clay, Calhoun, with all their eloquence, could not move this generation as they did their own age. The reason is that the press has superseded the forum. When the country was small and newspapers were few, voters were obliged to depend upon public speakers for their political ideas. Mass meetings were then serious matters, and had direct effect upon the canvas. Now they are mere celebrations, in which parties utter their enthusiasm. The last of the great debates was probably when Lincoln met Douglas on the stump in Illinois, and argued the questions of the day in the immediate presence of the people. But speeches are not now made to be heard, but to be read. The great orator who speaks in a hall cares far less for his 3,000 or 4,000 auditors than for his 100,000 readers. Another reason why oratory is becoming every year less effective in moving the people is that it is preceded by the press. Mr. Bristow made a good speech the other day in New England, but his argument had all appeared before in the Republican journals. Mr. Durand spoke at Hartford, but his ideas had previously been expressed in the Democratic newspapers.—*New York Herald.*

A poor factory operative had his leg recently amputated in the Manchester (Eng.) infirmary. The loss of blood was so great that his case was given up as hopeless. He was all but dead, when the surgeon stated that nothing but an infusion of blood could save his life. One of the students (a Mr. Irvine) volunteered to be bled, and twenty-five ounces of blood were taken from him at his own most serious risk and transfused into the dying man. The patient is now in a fair way to convalescence.

Sir Isaac Newton was once examining a new and very fine globe, when a gentleman came into his study who did not believe in a God, but declared that the world we live in came by chance. He was much pleased with the handsome globe, and asked: "Who made it?" "Nobody," answered Sir Isaac; "it happened here." The gentleman looked up in amazement, but he soon understood what it meant.

Cotton Cloth Bleached and made up into garments of every description at the Laundry on Water street.



# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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Accumulated letters, MSS and neg-  
lected business at home during our visit  
at the Philadelphia Exposition and in New  
York, compel the postponement of an account  
of our trip and Rev. H. W. Sylve's ordina-  
tion until next week. Subscriptions poured  
in quite generously during our absence, for  
which we feel very thankful and hope the tide  
will continue to flow freely. Friends will  
pardon the long delay in getting last week's  
issue of the JOURNAL, and we promise  
in future to be more faithful to our duty.

Our New Associate Editor.

As will be seen at the head of the first  
column of the second page of this week's  
JOURNAL, we have appointed Mr. Austin  
W. Mann, of Flint, Mich., and he has  
accepted the position of associate editor of  
our paper. In doing this we do not  
discard our other capable and popular  
assistants, Messrs. Fort Lewis Seliney and  
Henry Winter Sylve, but instead of that,  
retain them likewise, and our kind friends  
will perceive that our "team" will be  
much stronger than formerly by the  
addition of another "horse." Our friend  
and associate, Mr. Mann, is too well  
known to the deaf-mutes of the West to  
call for words of praise and adulation  
from us. It is but fair to say for the  
information of deaf-mutes here in the  
East and at the South that his occupancy  
of such a position on our staff, will add  
largely to the tone and interest of the  
JOURNAL. Engaged as he is in Christian  
Missionary work through several States  
in the West, his opportunities, which he  
will not be slow to embrace for collecting  
news matters relating to the deaf and  
dumb, will be more ample than any other  
person that can be found in connection  
with the deaf and dumb, particularly in  
the North-West.

Mr. Mann who has for some time been  
officiating as a missionary to deaf-mutes  
and who is a prospective candidate for  
deacon's orders, is in every respect a  
Christian, a gentleman and a scholar,  
and while he is inculcating the great and  
noble doctrines of Christianity in the  
hearts of those to whom he administers  
the bread of life, will allow no opportunity  
to pass for dispensing food for the  
elevation of the intellectual faculties  
and entertainment of our readers.

All to whom he is known will under-  
stand the wisdom of placing his name on  
our staff. Those to whom he is as yet  
unknown will, we sincerely believe, bless  
the day that saw his present connection  
with the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL. As  
heretofore Mr. Mann will continue to  
act as our general Western traveling  
agent and will receive money and names  
for subscriptions to the JOURNAL, both  
new and renewed. With our three ef-  
ficient assistants and our capable corps  
of regular, special and occasional con-  
tributors and correspondents, the readers  
of our paper may safely count upon the  
certainty of interesting deaf-mute litera-  
ture, unequalled formerly or at the  
present.

The October Annals.

Nearly the whole of the quarterly for  
this month, is taken up with a report of  
the Proceedings of the Third Conference  
of Principals, held at Philadelphia in  
July last. The report is exceedingly in-  
teresting and readable. The important  
features of the Conference have already  
been published in the JOURNAL, being  
contributed by one of the editors who  
was present; and the Annals report is more  
full and documentary.

Among the minutes we observe a res-  
olution offered by Mr. G. O. FAY, of  
the Ohio Institution, proposing the fol-  
lowing limitation of delegates to future  
Conventions of American Instructors:  
All Institutions and day schools to be  
represented by two delegates, one the  
principal, and the other a teacher or some  
officer of the school. Any school having  
over a hundred pupils, to send an addi-  
tional delegate for every other hundred  
pupils or fraction thereof.

We are told the minute was "briefly  
discussed," and finally referred by its  
author to the next Convention.

The arguments used for the change  
from the existing basis of representation  
were, that they were too unequal, and  
that they tend to enlarge the attendance  
to a number quite out of the power of  
any one Institution to conveniently en-  
tertain.

We wish the point had been decided,  
once for all, at the Conference, for it is  
one in which principals have decidedly  
the most interest. They know the ac-  
commodating power of their own Insti-  
tutions, and the sentiments of their  
trustees respecting such gatherings; and  
the teachers being in a large majority at  
conventions of instructors could easily  
decide it in their favor, and if the ques-  
tion is ever brought to them, will feel them-  
selves in a delicate position, leading them  
to refrain, not from discussion on the  
point, perhaps, but from voting altogether.

We notice that Dr. GILLET, of Illi-  
nois, records his preference for the pres-  
ent arrangement, deeming, and rightly,  
that it is to the advantage of the teacher  
to obtain the fullest privilege and bene-  
fit from these gatherings, without any  
restrictions whatever.

A Table,  
For those who use the Book of Common  
Prayer.

Sunday, Oct. 22th.  
The Psalter for the 15th day of the  
month.

Morning prayer.  
1st Lesson—1 Kings VIII. v. 22 to v. 22.  
2d Lesson—Luke XX.

Evening Prayer.  
1st Lesson—1 Kings VIII. v. 22 to v. 22.  
2d Lesson—2 Peter I.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the  
nineteenth Sunday after Trinity.

The Itomizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items  
that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to as-  
sociations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for  
the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends  
and readers will keep us supplied with items for  
this column; mark items so sent to The Itomizer.

PERHAPS the oldest in continuous ser-  
vice as teacher of deaf-mutes is Prof.  
JOSEPH O. PYATT, of the Pennsylvania  
Institution. He has been engaged since  
1833, never missing a year, we believe.

WILLIAM ROSSMAN, of Livingston,  
N. Y., writes that he will go to Greens-  
borough, Ga., on the seventeenth of this  
month, where he has a brother, and will  
remain with him during the coming win-  
ter. Mr. ROSSMAN wishes his JOURNAL  
sent to the latter place, as he likes the  
paper and wants to get the deaf-mute  
news. Before going south he thinks of  
making a day's visit at the New York  
Institution.

L. W. VANZANDT, of Grafton, N. Y.,  
was in Troy on the seventh of this  
month on business, and while there called  
upon Mr. HIRAM BROWN.

MR. and MRS. W. W. MILES, who  
had been spending several weeks at Can-  
anadaga, the home of Mr. MILES' pa-  
rents, were on the 3d inst., returning to  
their home at North Indianapolis, stop-  
ping over several trains at Rochester,  
Batavia and Bethany.

JOHN A. HALL and family of White-  
hall, N. Y., spent last week in Philadel-  
phia, enjoying the Centennial Exposi-  
tion.

A correspondent says that JOHN  
BROWNELL and his son, of Cambridge,  
N. Y., were married on the fifth of Sep-  
tember last. The writer did not furnish  
the information in regard to whom they  
were married.

EDWARD ENSIGN, of Union, N. Y.,  
was married to Miss MARY FOSTER, of  
Elmira, N. Y., on the first of October.  
They were both educated in New York.

Rochester Institution.

OPENING WITH GOOD PROSPECTS.

From the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle, Oc-  
tober 5, 1876.

The 4th of February last a meeting  
was held by various citizens interested  
in establishing an institution in this  
city for the education of the deaf and  
dumb. It was the unanimous sense of  
the meeting that it was expedient that  
such a school be founded, and active pre-  
parations were at once made for the  
desired end. The necessary act was passed  
in the legislature, and as the result of  
more labor, and more care than will ever  
be appreciated or understood by the peo-  
ple, the much-desired institution was  
opened yesterday, under circumstances  
that promise abundant success for the  
future. For the present the school will  
be located at 70 and 72 South St. Paul  
street, and just now they answer every  
purpose, although a change will probably  
become necessary before a very long time.  
The well-known and highly successful  
teacher of deaf-mutes, Z. F. Westervelt,  
has been engaged as principal, with the  
following efficient teachers: Mrs. West-  
ervelt and Miss Hattie Hamilton, teach-  
ers of articulation, Edward Hart, sign  
teacher, and Mrs. Louisa P. Peet. Both  
Mrs. Westervelt and Miss Hamilton  
have won well deserved reputations as  
teachers of articulation, the former in  
Maryland and the latter in New York.  
Mrs. Peet was the wife of the former  
principal of the New York Institution,  
of which she was matron and Mr. Hart  
is too well known in our city to need es-  
pecial commendation. It is an excep-  
tionally fine corps of teachers, and in their  
care the poor unfortunates may be sure  
of receiving the kindest and most intel-  
ligent instruction.

Twenty pupils were received, the  
youngest five years of age, the oldest  
twenty-three, twenty-five years being the  
limit. Of these pupils four are from our  
own city, the others coming from the  
surrounding towns. Of the twenty al-  
ready arrived six are girls, but the num-  
ber will be greatly swelled before an-  
other week, as letters to that effect  
have been received by the superinten-  
dent. The classes will be regularly for-  
med next Monday, and when they are

nice under way we hope to give our  
readers some interesting items in regard  
to the instruction of young people who  
have not the faintest idea of sound.

This is the fourth institution of the  
kind founded in the State and it is de-  
signed to cover the territory of Western  
New York. There are two in New York  
city and one in Rome, the last accommo-  
dating 100 pupils, and over crowded.  
The State pays \$300 annually for the  
support of each pupil and they are sup-  
posed to remain five years, although they  
can be reappointed for three years more  
in case it is deemed advisable. They are  
taught the same branches in the same  
books that are studied by the children in  
our public schools and the rapidity with  
which they learn is certainly marvelous.  
The prospect for the school now seems  
flattering in the extreme, and there can  
be little doubt of its future success.

A New Use for the Manual Alphabet.

The Tibbits corps drilled at the State  
armory last evening. The company are  
being trained to go through the manual  
of arms after what are called "deaf and  
dumb orders." Instead of giving orders  
by the word of mouth the commander  
gives his commands by a series of motions.

Recovered his Speech Instantaneously.

An intelligent looking colored man  
walked into a Buffalo office the other  
day with a slate in hand, on which he  
wrote: "I am deaf and dumb. Please  
help me." But there happened to be a  
sharp-pointed tack, end up, in the chair  
on which he was invited to sit, and as he  
jumped about five feet into the air, his  
speech was suddenly restored, and he  
went out uttering language totally un-  
fit for publication.

Dr. Howe and Laura Bridgman.

BY E. M. GALLAUDET, LL.D.

(From the Boston Journal.)  
[Laura Bridgman is deaf, dumb, and blind. In  
spite of these obstacles she was taught, by the  
late Dr. S. G. Howe, to read and write, and to  
do many other useful things. The methods and  
results of Dr. Howe's work were set forth in this  
address by Dr. Gallaudet, at the recent services  
in commemoration of Dr. Howe, in Boston.]

When we attempt to estimate, with  
precision, the work accomplished in the  
education of Laura Bridgman, we en-  
counter an insurmountable obstacle at  
the very threshold of our investigations.  
We cannot by any mental effort divest  
ourselves, even for a moment, of the ac-  
cumulated, lifetime impressions we have  
received through the avenues which are  
closed to the blind deaf-mute. We can  
not put ourselves in her place; and  
hence it is as impossible for us who see  
and hear to form any just conception of  
ever her present *psychical* condition as it  
is for her to understand the phenomena  
of hearing or of vision. And if we go  
back to the time when she was untutored,  
"built up," as it were, in a marble cell,  
impervious to any ray of light or particle  
of sound; with her poor, white hand  
peeping through a chink in the wall,  
beckoning to some good man for help  
that "an immortal soul might be awak-  
ened," we find the difficulty of compre-  
hending her intellectual and spiritual  
condition increased. We are forced to  
acknowledge that we can only approxi-  
mate to an understanding of the begin-  
ning, progress and end of her education.

This does not, however, hinder our  
perceiving that a near approach to the  
miraculous was made by Dr. Howe when  
he caused the deeply-hidden germ of  
Laura Bridgman's mind to grow into  
conscious intelligence, to put forth the  
leaf of expression, the blossom of original  
thought, and to yield the rich fruitage of  
moral accountability.

Dr. Carpenter, in treating of the de-  
pendence of mental activity of the senses,  
says:  
"If it were possible for a human being  
to come into the world with a brain per-  
fectly prepared to be the instrument of  
psychical operations, but with all the  
inlets to sense impressions closed, we  
have every reason to believe that the  
mind would remain dormant, like a seed  
buried deep in the earth."

In such a case as this, nothing less  
than a miracle, which might open one, at  
least, of the closed avenues, or an act of  
creation which should impart a sense  
other than those given to mankind, could  
avail to set free the imprisoned mind.  
And when but a single sense remains,  
through which the faculty of language  
may by any possibility be brought into  
exercise, the results attained surely fall  
little short of the miraculous.

Dr. Howe's success in this achieve-  
ment, the most widely heralded, and un-  
doubtedly the most brilliant of his life,  
was the result of a happy combination  
of genius and ingenuity. It was genius  
that convinced him of the feasibility of  
the undertaking—it was through inge-  
nuity in the application of methods,  
and in resorting to various devices, that  
the inspiration of his genius was real-  
ized.

Time does not suffer us on this oc-  
casion, to detail the manner of Laura  
Bridgman's education. It will be inter-  
esting, however, to hear in Dr. Howe's  
own words how the first step was taken.  
"I selected short monosyllables, so  
that the sign which she was to learn  
might be as simple as possible. I placed  
before her on the table a pen and a pin,  
and then making her take notice of the  
fingers of one of my hands, I placed them  
in the three positions used as signs of  
the manual alphabet of deaf-mutes for  
the letters *p, e, n*, and made her feel of  
them over and over again many times, so  
that they might be associated together  
in her mind. I did the same with the  
pin, and repeated it scores of times. She  
at last perceived that the signs were com-  
plex, and that the middle sign of the  
one, that is, the *e*, differed from the mid-  
dle sign of the other, that is, the *p*. This  
was the first step gained. This process was  
repeated over and over hundreds of

times, until finally the association was  
established in her mind between the  
sign composed of three signs and ex-  
pressed by three positions of my fingers  
and the article itself, so that when I  
held up the pen to her she would make  
the complex sign; and when I made the  
complex sign on my fingers she would  
triumphantly pick up the pen and hold  
it up before me, as much as to say, 'This  
is what you want.'

"Then the same process was gone over  
with the pin, until the association in her  
mind was intimate and complete between  
the two articles, and the complex posi-  
tions of the fingers.

"She had thus learned two arbitrary  
signs, or the names of two different  
things. She seemed conscious of having  
understood and done what I wanted, for  
she smiled, while I exclaimed inwardly  
and triumphantly, 'eureka! eureka!' I  
now felt that the first step had been  
taken successfully, and that this was the  
only really difficult one, because by con-  
tinuing the same process by which she  
had been enabled to distinguish two ar-  
ticles by two arbitrary signs, she could  
go on and learn to express in signs two  
thousand, and finally, the forty and odd  
thousand signs or words in the English  
language."

The case of Oliver Caswell, the second  
blind deaf-mute who came under Dr.  
Howe's instruction, proved nothing that  
had not been elicited in the training of  
his sister in misfortune, beyond the fact  
that the success in her case did not de-  
pend on the usual intellectual activity  
she seemed to possess.

Caswell's mind was sluggish, and his  
progress less rapid than that of Miss  
Bridgman, but he reached a level of  
intellectual and moral development which  
fully compensated for the labor bestowed  
and which was sufficiently high to en-  
courage the teaching of other blind deaf-  
mutes in our own country as well as in  
Europe.

And here we are reminded of the in-  
direct results of Dr. Howe's work in  
the education of Laura Bridgman, these  
being of much greater importance and  
benefit to the world at large than the  
more disentanglement of a single im-  
prisoned mind.

Who can measure the effect of the  
recital of Laura's thrilling story as an  
example of success in the face of giant  
difficulties? Told in all the languages  
of Christendom, it cannot fail to have  
stimulated the flagging energies of hun-  
dreds of those who must ever strive  
against obstacles and opposition, the in-  
ventors and reformers of the world.

And to those who neither invent nor  
reform, but in whose hands is placed the  
most important and honorable work so-  
ciety can devolve upon any of its mem-  
bers, that of educating the young, to the  
teachers of our day and generation, pa-  
tient and oftentimes weary sowers of  
seed and toilers in virgin soil, the story  
of the blind deaf-mute comes up like a  
breeze from the mountain top. As they  
read of barriers broken down, obstacles  
surmounted, difficulties overcome by the  
energy, patience, and ingenuity of him  
in whose honor we are here assembled,  
their own discouragements sink into in-  
significance, their hearts and hands are  
cheered and nerved by that subtle but  
mighty influence of example, than which  
no power more potent for good or for  
evil has moved mankind.

And if we may thus speak of the en-  
couraging effect of Laura Bridgman's  
story on instructors in general, what  
shall we say of its force with those who  
teach what is, perhaps, the most difficult  
of all educational tasks, that of impart-  
ing to the congenitally deaf the power of  
vocal utterance?

And this brings us to speak of an im-  
portant feature of Dr. Howe's life-work,  
which would probably have never en-  
gaged his attention but for the interest  
excited in deaf-mutes by what he did for  
those whose misfortunes included more  
than deaf-mutism—we refer to his labors  
to secure the establishment of schools for  
the deaf and dumb, where articulation  
might be taught.

Whatever difference of opinion may  
exist as to the proportion of deaf-mutes  
capable of success in articulation, it is  
now universally admitted by the teach-  
ers of the deaf and dumb in this country  
that a percentage sufficiently large to  
warrant the maintenance of special  
classes and schools can be taught to  
speak well. And this view is entertain-  
ed by many who once held a contrary  
opinion.

In Dr. Howe the cause of articulation  
in America had one of its earliest and  
warmest supporters. It is probably not  
surprising the truth to say that in the  
absence of his efforts in this direction  
the happy results now witnessed at  
Northampton and in this city would  
have been postponed, perhaps for many  
years.

Through the medium of official reports  
as chairman of the Board of State Char-  
ities, through the public press, in pri-  
vate circles and before legislative com-  
mittees Dr. Howe's advocacy of articu-  
lation schools in Massachusetts was long,  
continued and earnest. The success at-  
tending these endeavors was hastened by  
a very interesting circumstance growing  
out of the instruction of Laura Bridg-  
man, which deserves to be mentioned in  
this connection.

In the long and sometimes tedious la-  
bor of Miss Bridgman's education, ex-  
tending through a period of twenty  
years, Dr. Howe had the assistance of  
several ladies, among whom was Miss  
Rogers, and it followed as almost a nat-  
ural consequence when a young sister of  
this lady turned her attention to teach-  
ing, that she should be interested in  
those who needed special training. And  
so it came about that Miss Harriet B.  
Rogers, the accomplished Principal of  
the Clarke Institution for deaf-mutes at  
Northampton, was led to a work, the  
success of which has inscribed her name  
on the rolls of history as a pioneer in  
a great and philanthropic cause.

In reviewing the portion of Dr.  
Howe's life-work, the discussion of which  
has been allotted to the present speaker,

we cannot fail to recognize the existence  
of that combative disposition which  
marks other phases of his career. He  
rejoiced in the presence of difficulties.  
His spirit rose in the face of opposition.  
While he was not unwilling to discharge  
in the line of duty the common-place,  
straightforward tasks of life, he was  
more in his element when antagonistic  
forces were marshaled against him. Then  
his soldierly nature manifested itself, and  
he was not long in becoming master of  
the situation. In his work for Laura  
Bridgman it was the single, hand to hand  
conflict, with odds greatly against him.  
And how truly the effort for the estab-  
lishment of articulating schools for the  
deaf and dumb in this State was a hard  
fought campaign, many who are here pre-  
sent will remember.

Native bards have fitly sung the praises  
of him who is the subject of our hom-  
age. But their words are hardly more  
appropriate than those of one our  
motherland, when he asked and answer-  
ed a question that is in many minds to-  
day.

"Who is the happy warrior? Who is he  
Whom every man in arms should wish to be?  
It is the generous spirit, who when brought  
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought  
Upon the plan that pleased his childish thought;  
Whose high endeavors are an inward light  
That make the path before him always bright;  
And who, if he be called upon to face  
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined  
Great issues, good or bad for human kind,  
Is happy as a lover; and attired  
With sudden brightness like a man inspired.

"Tis, finally, the man, who, lifted high,  
Conspicuous object in a nation's eye;  
Who not content that former worth stand fast,  
Looks forward persevering to the last;  
Finds comfort in himself and in his cause;  
And while the mortal mist is gathering, draws  
His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause.

"This is the happy warrior; this is he  
Whom every man in arms should wish to be."

Laura Bridgman as She is.

(From the Boston Traveler.)

Laura Bridgman is now in her forty-  
sixth year, and between her home and  
the Perkins Institute she has passed her  
time thus far. She is tall, slight, grace-  
ful in form and motion, wears green  
bands across her eyes, is very demonstra-  
tive, and at times her face is radiant  
with emotion. She dresses with great  
care—more to please her friends than  
herself—and takes pride in showing her  
gold watch and other feminine ornamen-  
tations. She is quite expert in croch-  
eting and plain needle-work, and takes  
much delight in assisting one of the teach-  
ers in the sewing department. A few  
days ago she was at work with perhaps a  
dozen of the pupils, turning the hems of  
napkins, threading needles with her  
fingers and teeth. She exhibited some  
of the hemming with as much pride as a  
soldier bearing a trophy from a battle-  
field. A lady on the occasion referred  
to, made a purchase from her of a croch-  
et mat, and with a clear articulation Miss  
Bridgman repeated the word "money"  
twice. She can utter intelligently the  
name of a teacher, and such words as  
baby, etc. She forms words with a  
lead pencil, by the aid of a French writ-  
ing-board. The latter article has groov-  
ed lines about an eighth of an inch deep,  
an inch or so apart, running transverse-  
ly across the pasteboard. She takes her  
paper and presses it into the grooves,  
thus making depressions which can be  
felt by the pencil point, and when slight-  
pressed leaves a little mark. In fur-  
nishing her autograph she writes above  
her name a Scripture text. On being  
asked if she realized the meaning of the  
quotation, "The Lord is my Shepherd,"  
she replied, "fully." On learning that  
her questioner had been a Sabbath-school  
teacher for eighteen years, she clasped her  
hands with delight, and made an attempt  
in a rapturous manner, to speak, giving  
forth a bird-like sound. Miss Bridg-  
man, after the death of her father, was  
selfishly deprived of the little property  
he left for herself and her mother, and  
she continues to earn a little money by  
the use of her needle. She, however,  
possesses the interest of a bequest of  
\$2,000 from the Loring fund. She is a  
living monument of Dr. Howe's devotion,  
patience, hope, waiting, watching, and  
giving of eyes to the blind and language  
to the dumb lips. At the funeral of Dr.  
Howe she knelt and spread flowers over  
his last resting place, as a token of es-  
teem for what he had done for her and  
others similarly afflicted.

It is not unusual for patients suffering  
from diseases for which sulphur baths  
are recommended, to travel thousands of  
miles to avail themselves of sulphur  
bathing. They would find it less ex-  
pensive to buy GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP  
and bathe at home. Sold everywhere.

Mexico Academy Semi-Centennial.

We find the following in the New  
York Independent of the 12th inst.:  
"Mexico Academy, Mexico, Oswego  
County, New York, celebrated its semi-  
centennial on the 23d and 24th of August.  
About 400 of the former students were  
in attendance, coming from all sections  
of the country. The exercises were held  
in a large tent, and consisted of an ad-  
dress of welcome by the president of the  
village, tendering the hospitalities of the  
citizens to the guests, followed by speech-  
es and addresses from members of the  
several decades, the literary exercises  
closing on the afternoon of the second  
day with a Centennial oration by Hon.  
Thos. G. Alvord of Syracuse. Mexico  
Academy has a most honorable record,  
having graduated or fitted for college  
some of our most valued citizens and  
prominent men in all the walks of life,  
and we are glad to know that she never  
did better work than she is doing  
to-day."

—And "Jack Frost" has made his ap-  
pearance.

Synopsis of Lake Erie.

The southern boundary of Lake Erie  
is a continuous shore line of high bluffs,  
sometimes projecting into the water a  
mass of forbidding looking rocks for  
miles along the shore, and then again  
towering up for another stretch a bold  
line of clay banks. The rocky banks  
extend from the eastern terminus west-  
ward to Erie; again rising abruptly at  
Cleveland and continuing to Sandusky.  
These rocks are of a shale construction,  
and are peculiar in the fact that they lie  
in strata, broken into fine, thin pieces  
by the action of the water from minia-  
ture springs, which drip through them,  
and the spray which in storms is known  
to dash far above the bluffs, oftentimes  
eighty and one hundred feet in height.  
The rocks being of a soft structure, were  
easily soaked by the water and the re-  
action caused by the atmosphere and the  
sun drying the surface was sufficient to  
cause the eruption.

The clay banks which extend from  
Erie to Cleveland, have a sandy beach,  
although in the present year (1876) the  
lake being from two to four feet higher  
than usual, the beach is entirely covered  
in most instances. The present absence  
of beach is deplorable, indeed, as the ac-  
tion of the water upon the earth banks  
is very destructive to property. Earth  
slides, falling away of banks, and there-  
by precipitating into the lake trees, build-  
ings, portions of orchards, cultivated  
vegetation and fences is a common oc-  
currence.

A scientific explanation of the phe-  
nomena of high water is found in the  
theory of "barometric pressure," and  
the drought which has prevailed during  
the season. The variation in height of  
water being equal to the amount of rain  
which has fallen. Little water was  
drawn from the lakes to supply the land,  
and the consequence was an increase in  
the volume of water in the lakes. This  
fact will be more apparent upon an ex-  
amination of the meteorological records.  
From Sandusky westward the shores  
are mostly of a marshy formation.

The rivers that empty into the lake,  
are short in consequence of the high  
ground of Western New York, Ohio,  
Indiana lying near the shore. The  
creeks are quite frequent, and as a gen-  
eral thing, being unable to wear a deep  
gully in the rocky banks, come tumbling  
down over them, so that after a rain the  
whole shore where rock banks are pre-  
dominant, is made beautiful by the  
unnumbered cascades, which against the  
dark shore forms a picturesque scene. Then  
these banks are interrupted by num-  
erous coves, circular in shape, worn  
out by the water, and these blending in  
with the other features of the shore line,  
makes a grand and picturesque view.

The average depth of this lake is ap-  
proximated from the present progress of  
the U. S. Lake Survey, at something  
less than one hundred feet. The great-  
est depth obtained to the present time  
off Long Pt., Canada. There the sound-  
ings reached two hundred and ten  
feet. The great body of shallow water  
lies in the west half of the lake; the  
eastern portion having the greater basin.

The average bottom consists of sand  
and soft clay, presenting an easy anchor-  
age for ships in required depths; or, as  
the facts indicate, a providential chance  
for outwitting the winds.

W. H. BALLOU.

Death of a Conductor.

The Syracuse Standard of Monday  
morning, says:

The host of friends of conductor Levi  
S. Juleson, for twelve years an employee  
of the Rome, Watertown and Ogdens-  
burg Railroad Company, will be pained  
to hear of his death, which occurred in  
Rome last Friday morning at five o'clock.  
Several weeks ago he was compelled to  
abandon—temporarily, he hoped—the  
situation he had so conscientiously filled,  
and in the quiet of the home circle  
sought the relief from pain which he never  
found. Beginning with the throat  
difficulty, disease, in the dread form of  
consumption, attacked his lungs, and af-  
ter a few weeks of great suffering, borne  
with Christian fortitude, he died, as he  
had lived, in the hope of a blissful im-  
mortality.

The remains were taken to Ogdens-  
burg, his late home, on Friday afternoon.  
Thus, upon the very threshold of an ac-  
tive business life, being but thirty-one  
years of age, conductor Juleson has gone  
home, mourned by all with whom he ever  
had business or friendly relations.

Centennial Concert.

In order to perfect the arrangement  
for this grand concert, it is necessary to  
postpone its delivery until Nov. 1st and  
2d next. The programme will probably  
be published in full next week. This  
entertainment promises to be fully up  
to the many grand occasions of this Cen-  
tennial year. The programme embraces  
a large number of national and popular  
pieces. The Helicon Band will assist.  
"England and America," a finely written  
piece, which has been several times given  
in New York, with great success, will  
be rendered. It embraces a large num-  
ber of characters. All who attend this  
entertainment will be sure to feel well  
repaid, as no pains are being spared to  
render it fully up to anything of the  
kind ever given in this vicinity.

—The County Division of Sons of  
Temperance meets at Sand Bank, Octo-  
ber 31st.

A Visit Long to be Remembered.

MR. HUMPHRIES:—We observed in  
your paper a few weeks since, of our be-  
ing visited by some one (we know not  
whom) who gained an entrance into our  
residence through a window, and took  
away with him some of our edibles.  
We have



## CORRESPONDENCE.

### Salem Notes.

The Salem Society of Deaf-mutes resumed winter religious services, Oct. 1st, after an intermission of two months. The members seem well pleased, and anticipate much pleasure at the prospect of again receiving spiritual and intellectual advantages in the long winter evenings. Let such blessings and glorious results follow their anticipations. P. W. Packard, had, by a vote of the society, the pleasure of opening and continuing the first four weeks.

### HO! FOR THE CENTENNIAL.

Of course some of us can go, and some must remain at home who have not the wherewithal to go with, and be satisfied with the report of the pilgrims when they return. Three members of our society are the favored ones. Messrs. H. P. Chapman, H. A. Chapman and S. S. Cross, in company with L. N. Soper, of Lowell, have left, and are enjoying themselves much. They are missed at home, but we wish them as pleasant a journey as it is possible for them to have and a safe return when the stay-at-homes will listen with wonder to their reports of sights and scenes of the great Centennial of 1876.

J. A. Prince, a valuable member of our society, has again left for college at Washington, where he expects to graduate in due time. All we can say is good bye John; may you graduate with the highest honors, and at the topmost round of the ladder of fame, and with an unsullied name.

A committee on new Constitution and By-Laws was appointed at the last annual meeting, which occurred on the 23d ult., viz: J. T. Tillingham, P. W. Packard and S. F. Southwick, who met at the house of P. W. Packard, Oct. 6th, for that purpose, and it was unanimously agreed to submit a new Constitution and By-Laws to the society at a meeting to be held the 16th inst.

Our esteemed friend J. T. Tillingham has about recovered from his recent accident, and we are glad to see him among us once more. It was a miraculous escape from death, and was caused by his horse starting and the breaking of the hold-back iron in the shaft just as he succeeded in stopping him, causing him to start again.

### RESIDENT.

Salem, Mass., Oct. 10th, 1876.

### Letter from Thomas Brown.

DEAR EDITOR:—A wealthy semi-mute I met at Concord, wishes to see a copy of the JOURNAL before subscribing for it; therefore please send a copy to Amos Proctor, Andover, N. H. He is an intelligent, retired gentleman, 74 years old, and has never been to any deaf-mute school.

During my visit to Chilmark, two successive stormy Sundays prevented there being a meeting of deaf-mutes to hear my lecture. I saw most of the subscribers of the JOURNAL, and they all like it well and will probably renew their subscriptions. Most of the young, mute people of Chilmark are energetic in fishing and lobstering. They make it pay handsomely, even above their necessary wants. It is worthy of mention that Benjamin Mayhew, who lost his right hand near the wrist by a thrashing machine accident, is as skillful with his left hand as most persons are with both hands, being handy at fishing, and skillful in shooting wild ducks and geese. It would be a good plan if the sturdy industry of these Chilmark people should be followed by some other muters.

Mrs. Sally Mayhew, sister to my first wife, is a lady-like mute. Her hearing husband is a wealthy gentleman, nearly 85 years old, and is quite smart for a person of his age.

On our way home we stopped at Mr. Head's overnight. There we found Mr. Kent, a famous fisher, husking corn in the barn. He was on a visit to Mr. Head's, and although something of an invalid, he is active in conversation and still fond of fishing. Mr. Head has altered his house, so that now it is much more convenient and better.

Mr. Allison, a respected bachelor, is industriously engaged at shoemaking, and makes a handsome living, indeed. It gives me pleasure to see some muters so industrious and steady, while I feel disgusted to see other muters wandering around begging their living.

Last Friday we came home after a thirty-two days' absence, having enjoyed our visit to the Vineyard very much.

Apples are plenty here at from \$1 to \$2 per bush; cider apples sell for five cents per bushel.

Freeman N. Smith, a nephew of mine, married Dediana, daughter of Mrs. D. D. West, a short time ago.

THOMAS BROWN.

West Henniker, N. H., Oct. 8, 1876.

### Letter from Pennsylvania.

CANTON, Bradford Co., Pa., Oct. 14, '76.  
EDITOR DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL:—Please insert the following marriage notice in your paper:

Thomas Nolan, of Albany, N. Y., was married to Miss Fannie Mandeville, of Canton, Pa., on the 23d day of December, 1874.

Mrs. Nolan is the daughter of Isaac and Sylvia Mandeville, of Canton, Pa. As both Mr. and Mrs. Nolan are deaf-mutes it is presumable that their married life will never be marred by cross words and jealousies or any of those numerous little troubles, which result from a too free use of the faculties of hearing and speaking; but as they are happy and industrious their prospects are very bright for the future. Mrs. Nolan can not be beat at picking berries. Last summer twenty quarts a day during the season was what she accomplished. Who can beat that?

CENTENNIAL.

### The Central New York Institution.

It is snowing to-day. Sleighing—coasting—skating—sleigh bells tinkling, and furs will soon be all the rage in this arctic region of ours.

We have an attendance of eighty-two, with a few more to come. There is not always room for one more with us, as frequent refusals for applicants for admission show. We have a maximum, which depends just now on sex, always preferring the comfort of the inmates rather than a glorification in numbers, which, by the way, we could very well indulge in had we the space.

If there is an idea abroad that we are in the country, and therefore domiciled in old tumble-down houses, with the wind whistling through every crack, we beg to represent that Rome is a city of over eleven thousand inhabitants for one thing, and as to the other, our houses are extremely comfortable, fully equal, if not superior in this regard, to any Institution in the land: Two were built last year, and of the others, one is massive and compact brick, warm and airy; the fourth is not surpassed in comfort by the others, and that is saying enough. A good many who have visited us from New York and other big localities, have been agreeably surprised to find every thing happily different from what they had been led to expect.

Miss Lizzie Murphy, a graduate of the New York Institution, has been added to the officers of the domestic department, and we have secured a man of all work, who is useful and handy.

Principal Nelson has bought a fine horse. His name is "Fly," and it sometimes looks as if he could fly.

We had a visit on Friday from Messrs. Marcus Kerr, of Michigan, and George Taylor, formerly of Attica, N. Y. Both were on their way West from the Centennial.

Rome lost a valued and honored citizen last week in the death of Hon. Calvert Comstock. There was no enterprise that promised to benefit the city, or laudable for its own sake, to which his attention was called, that did not receive strong and cheerful aid from this good man. He was largely instrumental in establishing this Institution. Dr. Gallaudet and Messrs. Johnson and Selinay, on their initial visit to the city in the summer of 1874, met and talked with several prominent men respecting the establishment of the Institution; but they received no encouragement to speak of until they met Mr. Comstock, who at once took a deep interest in the plan, assisted them in his co-operation, and, in fact, gave the first encouragement received. He was chairman of the first public meeting, and the general public esteem in which he was held contributed largely to make it a success, and also to the interest in the work on the part of many of the most prominent men in the city, some of whom are at present Trustees. Mr. Comstock's falling health prevented his accepting a seat in the Board, one of his sons acting in his place. His funeral was largely attended, Principal Nelson representing the Institution.

C. S. M.

Rome, N. Y., Oct. 16, 1876.

### California Deaf-Mute Institution Notes.

DEAR EDITOR:—This school reopened on the 31st of August. Nearly all the pupils returned to resume their usual studies. Five of the pupils have left the Institution, having found some good employment in which they can earn their living. About ten new applicants were admitted. There are five classes for deaf-mutes, and two for the blind.

We are glad that our principal, Professor Warring Wilkinson came safely from the East, where he spent two weeks in traveling and inspecting the plans of deaf-mute, blind and insane Institutions. It is expected that he has gained some good ideas for a plan of a new, large building, as soon as the architects are able to draft the plans. When the best plan, according to the taste of the Board of Trustees, has been decided upon, the building will be commenced, which will probably be in November or early next spring.

Prof Wilkinson delivered an address about the Centennial Exposition to the pupils. We were much interested in it. He is going to lecture on Saturday evening about his travels.

About twenty cases of diphtheria have occurred here, three of which have resulted fatally. Two little deaf and dumb girls and one little boy are gone; the former were Misses Sarah Bailey and Dora C. Coulter, and the latter was Master James Langdon. They were very bright pupils. All were taken home for burial.

The following is from the San Francisco Evening Post: "A deaf and dumb man who had been following the murder of his brother for twenty-one years, thought he had found him at Atlanta the other day, but it turned out to be another case of mistaken identity. The murder was committed in Sacramento, in 1855, and the dumb brother has been on the trail of the murderer ever since."

A little deaf and dumb boy eight years of age, was run over by an express wagon and severely injured. He was conveyed to his parents' home.

Frederick Wolf, a well known peddler, was killed by a freight train near Gold Run. He was a German by birth, and peddled principally in Northern and Southern California. I am informed that before his death, he intended to return to the East on foot from the golden State; but his purpose was not realized. What a fool he must have been to have walked on the railroad track! Don't do what he did.

The deaf-mute members of the Baptist church assemble punctually every Sunday, in the children's room of that church, where low benches are furnished, so that they can sit well and let their feet rest easy. How tired they look!

They express the wish that they had chairs to sit in, but the sexton cannot afford to buy new ones for them. Some one should become a Dr. Gallaudet to them and assist them to establish such a church as Rev. Thomas Gallaudet has obtained for the deaf-mutes of New York city. But I am afraid there is not enough deaf-mutes in San Francisco to warrant the erection of a church for their exclusive use.

George Corey, a graduate of the Illinois Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, came to San Francisco some time since, and obtained a situation in one of the printing offices there. He is in good health, and has visited this Institution, of which he speaks in the highest terms. John Weller, a graduate of an English Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, has been traveling in Australia and California. He brought a suit in the County Court of San Francisco, against a creditor of his, whom he gave a promissory note for \$1,200.

George Cox, a deaf-mute peddler from Virginia, is in Northern California selling maps.

There is an uneducated deaf and dumb farmer, living seven miles from Santa Rosa, Sonoma Co. in this State. He has a fine farm, on which is a splendid orchard. Deaf-mutes visiting him are surprised at the command of language which he has, although he has to convey all his thoughts to others by means of natural signs, the same as the Indians do. I omitted to learn his name.

The election of officers of the Excelsior Literary Association was held in the girls' sitting-room, on the 8th of September. The choice was as follows: Mary E. Wright, President; Laura Bartels, 1st Vice Pres.; Augustus McEligue, 2d Vice President; Douglass Tilden, Secretary; Annie Warren, Treasurer; Moses Aronson, Sergeant-at-Arms. The society will hold meetings twice each month.

Mrs. Warring Wilkinson is making a pleasant visit in New York and Philadelphia. We wish her a good time and a safe return in November.

RIP VAN WINKLE.

Berkeley, Cal., Oct. 4th, 1876.

### Books.

It is a very common thing to hear of the evils of pernicious reading, that enervates the mind and depraves the principles. These books could not be read and these evils would be spared in the world, if one did not write, and another did not print, and another did not sell, and another did not circulate them. Are these, without whose agency the mischief could not ensue, to be held innocent when they afford this agency?

Yet, loudly as we warn our children to shun it, how seldom do we hear the writers publicly reproved! As to printers, booksellers, and library-keepers, we rarely here their offence mentioned at all. We speak not of those abandoned publications that all respectable men condemn, but of those that, pernicious as they are confessed to be, seek reading-rooms and libraries, and are sold in nearly every bookseller's store. Deaf-mutes must carefully examine every book to see if it contains pernicious reading. The bookseller that lends a man money to use for an improper purpose, or a weapon for his revenge, makes himself a partner of his crime. He, too, who writes or sells a book that will, in all appearance of truth, injure the reader, is an accessory to the mischief that may be done, with this aggravation that while the money would probably do mischief to but one or two persons, the book may injure a hundred or even a thousand. We need say no more of the writers of injurious books. If the inferior agents are censurable, the primary ones must be more so.

A printer or a bookseller should, however, reflect that to be as bad as another is a very dissimilar thing from being innocent. When we perceive that the owners of a press will print any work which is offered to him, with no other concern about its tendency than whether it will subject him to penalties from the law, we surely must perceive that he exercises but very imperfect virtue. Is it obligatory upon us not to foster wrong principles in other men? He does not fulfill the obligation. Is it obligatory upon us to promote rectitude by unimpeachable example? He does not exhibit the example.

If it were right for my neighbor to furnish me with the means of moral injury it would not be wrong for me to accept and employ them. Let us remain in a book-seller's store and observe his customers successively coming in. One orders a lexicon and one a work of scurrilous infidelity, and one a new licentious romance. If the bookseller takes and executes all these orders with the same willingness, we cannot but perceive that there is an inconsistency and incompleteness in his moral principles of action. Perhaps this person is so conscious of the mischievous effects of such books that he would not allow them in the hands of his children, nor suffer them to be seen upon his parlor table.

We sincerely regret to know that many children have been poisoned by reading pernicious books. But if he knows the evils that they inflict, can it be right for him to be the agent in diffusing them?

The Christian character cannot be fully exhibited without that completeness of virtuous conduct, and that consistency, which such a person does not exhibit. Stop into the store of this book-seller's neighbor, a druggist, and if a person asks for arsenic there, the apothecary begins to be anxious. He considers whether it is probable the buyer wants it for a proper purpose. If he does sell it, he cautions the buyer to keep it where others cannot have access to it, and before he delivers the package legibly inscribes upon it, *poison*. One of these men sells poison to the body, and the other poison to the mind. If the anxiety and caution of the druggist are

right, the indifference of the book-seller must be wrong. The druggist would not sell arsenic if it were not sometimes useful. But pernicious reading has no good use.

Suppose for a moment, that no printer would publish such a book, and no book-seller would sell it, the consequence would be that nine-tenths of these manuscripts would be thrown into the fire, or, rather, they would never have been written. The inference is obvious, and surely it is not needful to again enforce the consideration that although your refusal might not prevent vicious books from being published, you are not therefore exempt from the obligation to refuse. A man must do his duty, whether the fidelity of his fidelity be such as he would desire or not. Such purity of conduct might, no doubt, circumscribe a man's business and so does purity of conduct in some other professions; but if this is a sufficient excuse for assisting to demoralize the world, if profit is a justification of a departure from rectitude, it would be easy to defend the business of a pick-pocket.

We know that the principles of conduct which these remarks recommend lead to grave practical consequences; we know that they lead to the conclusion that the business of a printer or book-seller as it is ordinarily conducted is not consistent with Christian uprightness. A man may carry on a business in select works, and this is really done by some conscientious persons. In the condition of the press, the difficulty of obtaining considerable business as a book-seller, without circulating injurious works, may be great, and it is in consequence of this difficulty that we see so few book-sellers among the Quakers. The very few that do conduct the business generally reside in large towns, where the demand for all books is so great that a person can procure a competent income, though he excludes the bad. He who is more studious to justify his conduct than to act aright, may say that if a person sells a book that can injure another, he can scarcely sell any book. The answer is, that although there must be some difficulty in discriminating, though a book-seller cannot always inform himself what the precise tendency of a book is, yet there can be no difficulty in judging, respecting numberless books, that their tendency is bad. If we cannot define the precise distinction between the good and the evil, we can nevertheless perceive the evil when it has attained to a certain extent. He who is unable to distinguish day from twilight, is able to distinguish it from night. The case of the proprietors of general circulating libraries is yet more palpable, for the majority of the books that they contain inflict injury upon their readers.

Persons of respectable character who join with others in lamenting the frivolity of the age, and what is worse than frivolity of the age, nevertheless, however, daily and hourly contribute to the mischief without any apparent consciousness of inconsistency. Perhaps a person who establishes one of these libraries for the first time in a country town, supplies the younger and less busy part of its inhabitants with a source of moral injury from which hitherto, they have been exempt. The girl who, till now, possessed sober views of life, he teaches to dream of the extravagances of love, he familiarizes her ideas with intrigue and licentiousness; he destroys her disposition for rational pursuits and prepares her, it may be, for a victim of debauchery. He inflames these evils upon as many as he can, and yet this person lays his head upon his pillow as if he was not offending against virtue or against man.

I hope that the consistent readers of your highly interesting paper called the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, heartily coincide with me in my opinion of the complaints which are no doubt just.

JAMES M. WITBECK.

Troy, N. Y., Oct. 12, 1876.

### Prayer and Thanksgiving for Sunday School.

Sunday, October 22d, and Monday October 23d, have been set apart as days of prayer for Sunday-schools throughout the world. The programme suggests:

"That on Lord's Day morning, Oct. 22d, from seven to eight o'clock, intercessory prayer, with thanksgiving, should be offered in private by all teachers."

"That the opening engagement of the morning school should be preceded by the teachers meeting together for prayer."

"That ministers be requested to preach special sermons upon the claims of Sunday-schools."

"That, in the afternoon, the ordinary routine of each school should be varied by the scholars being gathered for devotional exercises, interspersed with singing and appropriate addresses. To this service the parents of the scholars might be invited."

"That, at some time during the evening, the teachers should, in concert with other Christians, meet for thanksgiving and prayer."

"That on Monday morning, October 23d, between the hours of seven and eight, teachers set apart a time for again bringing their scholars in prayer before God."

"That in the course of the day the female teachers of each school hold a meeting for united prayer and thanksgiving."

"That in the evening each church or congregation be invited to hold a meeting, at which the interests of the Sunday school should form the theme of the prayers and addresses."

A young man in this town, who is pretty good-looking as well as good-natured, but not blessed with much of this world's goods, would like to find some young lady who is matrimonially inclined and worth from \$10,000 to \$20,000. He thinks he could be a real help-mate to such a lady.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Simpson have received a permanent boarder. It is a girl.

### CENTENNIAL LETTER.

(From our regular Correspondent.)

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 13, 1876.

The weather for some days past has been uniformly cool, but not enough so as to entail any discomfort to Centennial visitors. Nor does it interfere with or curtail the regular daily attendance, which is still immense. The people, both citizens and strangers, are beginning to realize that but one short month remains before the close of the Exhibition, and the Commissioners have just officially decided that the time shall not be extended. But the "coolness" has brought two or three white frosts, and these, while tending to rarify the atmosphere, and all that, have brightened in some degree one of the brightest spots ever seen—the plateau which was the scene of our horticultural display. Many of our most delicate flowers are effectively wilted. Yet there are still many in bloom, and the roses and young evergreens, together with the geraniums, will remain some time longer; but the tropical productions have been leveled to the earth or completely shriveled, and the Garden of Paradise, as many rustic visitors have named it, has lost its chief glory. But the frosts were welcome. They have been delayed a considerable time beyond the usual period, and the sympathy entertained here for the suffering people of Georgia, who can only find relief by the advent of winter, reconciles all to the change in the appearance of vegetation, and inspires new hope that the hand of the destroying angel may soon be averted.

The thousands and thousands of strangers who have flocked here to see the Exposition, are anxious to enjoy all the sights of the city. Chestnut street is thronged every evening, and some of the handsome stores keep open till ten o'clock in order to give them a view of their contents, while others dress their windows in their showiest goods, and have them brilliantly illuminated.

None of the strangers think of going home without paying a visit to the National Museum in Independence Hall. In fact, many of them regard it as a sort of patriotic duty to go there before going to the Exposition itself. The ancient hall is crowded from early in the morning until ten o'clock in the evening, and the old men dressed in continental costumes, who sell *fac similes* of the papers of 1776, have reaped a harvest. Several efforts were made to indict the centrals as nuisances for obstructing the pathway, but all failed, and in their quiet way they harm no one, while their quaint costumes add greatly to the scene, and awaken memories of the past. The new bell which was placed in the belfry just before the fourth of July, proved such a failure in tone that it has been taken away to be recast. The old bell, which was early cracked, and which for many years past occupied an honored place in the venerable hall, has been mounted substantially in an elevated position in the Museum, where it has been regarded with reverence by the great throng of visitors from all parts of the Union. The original Declaration of Independence is carefully protected in a glass case, and is, of course, the principal object of admiration. The walls are lined with portraits of the early fathers, and antique crockery, china, dolls, dress, and chairs and relics, all of which are associated with revolutionary characters, are plentifully shown, so that the antiquarian can spend hours in looking at them.

The American Fish Culturists' Association has just held a session concluding with a dinner, for which the bill of fare consisted of fifty-eight different kinds of fish. There were turbot and soles from England, imported for the occasion, and kanten, Japanese seaweed, prepared by the cook of the Japanese commission. A conger eel from Portugal, pink fish from Norway, mullion from Spain, black shark fins and white ones from China, oolachans from Alaska, dried fish maws from China, and dried oyster eggs from the Land of the Sun. Norway showed mackerel in oil, halibut and salmon, while Portugal tickled the palates with squid in oil. Even that troubled country, Turkey, sent botargo, (mullet roe), and the Cape of Good Hope contributed cray fish. Japan showed some not very toothsome shake and dried salmon. The propagation of fish is a subject attracting a good deal of attention in this country, and it is one of great interest and importance. The piscatorial department of the Exposition is not as great a success as could be desired. The Smithsonian sends hundreds of varieties, and several foreign nations contribute *fac similes* of the most noted fish belonging to their waters. They mounted substantially, and to all scientific intents and purposes, or rather to the student of natural history, convey a good idea of the appearance of the different species; but however valuable these copies may be, the live fish would, of course, be far more satisfactory. There are many difficulties to overcome in conveying live fish would, of course, be far more satisfactory. There are many difficulties to overcome in conveying live fish

There are many difficulties to overcome in conveying live fish from one locality to another, and very few have facility enough to recover from transportation or to become acclimated to other waters. The aquarial arrangements are very complete, and it was predicted at the beginning that the assortment of live fish would be extensive. Sea water is brought here every day by railroad. Some few varieties, including the toad fish, which seemed to be half oyster and half toad, and which was altogether a strange looking specimen, was brought from Bermuda, but they soon perished. The sea tanks, however, still contain a large collection of green turtle. The monster from Bermuda, weighing 260 pounds, seems perfectly at home in the tank, and is a veritable giant compared with the ordinary sized and even some of the largest turtles found in our vicinity. The soft shell crabs are very curious. It is amusing to see them walking

over their pebbly beds, carrying shells on their backs, and their intricate claws and careful locomotion indicate that they must handle themselves gingerly if they don't want to fall to pieces. The hell-bender is an ugly, rough-skinned fish, something like the skin of an elephant. It is as large as a medium sized catfish, of a dun or mouse color, small eyes, and misshapen head, which looks as if it might have been crushed or flattened. The hell-bender really looks as if he would be a terror to the quiet, peaceably disposed denizens of fresh water streams, and they occupy separate apartments on account of their evil propensities. The gizzard shad from the Ohio and Allegheny rivers, where the hell-bender is also found at home, are plump specimens of medium size, shaped somewhat like the Potomac chad and not much larger than a good fat herring. We have yellow and black catfish, suckers and chubs, and the aquaria filled with the gold and silver fish are, of course, the most ornamental and attractive in the collection. The sunfish, so easily domesticated, and so well adapted to aquarium culture, are exhibited in several different varieties, and some fine specimens of American eel have become quite domesticated, and delight in rubbing their slippery sides against the polished glass. Perch and porgies, rockfish and bluefish are also shown. There are a few little alligators from Florida, and some horned frogs from Texas, and the aquarial department, even incomplete as it is, affords a great deal of pleasure, and should be seen by all who pay a visit to Agricultural Hall.

The Bankers' Association has also just held a session here, and resolved, among other things to "appeal to Congress for the abrogation of the check stamp law, and for the reduction of taxes imposed upon banks." It's really a pity about the poor banks. Their taxes are so very heavy and their profits so small. But it did not occur to this convention that the banking business—especially the national bank business—is about the only line in which there is anything made these days.

### News of the Week.

A boiler explosion in Zug & Co.'s mill at Pittsburgh, Pa., on Thursday, killed 20 men.

A passenger train on the Old Colony road, Massachusetts, collided with a freight train at Randolph, Friday morning; the engineers and firemen of the three engines were killed, and two passengers injured.

Full returns from all the counties in Indiana have been received, and the majority for Williams, the Democratic candidate, is 5,494.

A horrible murder of three persons took place at Bucksport, Me., two of the bodies being found in the ruins of a burning barn.

The Russian people are irritated at the tone of the English press.

Servia will accept no armistice longer than to December 31.

Ten Molly McMurres were sentenced at Pottsville, Monday, to terms of imprisonment ranging from one to fourteen years.

It is said the Indians have signed a treaty to relinquish the Black Hills, provided they themselves are not removed to the Indian Territory.

General Ruger, commander of the department of the South, assures both parties in South Carolina, that he will use his utmost efforts towards the protection of all electors in the exercise of their constitutional rights.

The Ann Elizabeth Brigham Young case came up before Judge Shaefer, on Saturday, who decided that unless the money previously adjudged the plaintiff was paid in ten days, an attachment should be issued to bring the defendant into court for contempt.

Members of all boards of trade throughout the country will meet at the centennial, October 26.

The President has issued a proclamation ordering all rifle clubs, organized in South Carolina contrary to law, to disperse.

McLaughlin, of Detroit, beat Martin, of Ypsilanti, Mich., in a wrestling match at New York, Monday night.

Ten thousand Spanish pilgrims visited the Pope, Monday.

The lock-out of 80,000 cotton mill operatives in the Lancashire, England, is threatened.

The situation in Europe is growing more warlike.

Lazarus' pawn-broker shop on Notre Dame street, Montreal, was entered by burglars Sunday night. Jewelry and diamonds to the value of \$20,000 were stolen. No clue has been obtained as to the robbers or the booty.

At Savannah, Tuesday, yellow fever interments, 6.

### Midland Excursion to Philadelphia.

The sale of tickets for the Midland excursion which left for Philadelphia yesterday morning, was stopped Saturday noon, the limit having been reached by the large sale of tickets down the road. Although only a small number of passengers went from Oswego, the train left Walton on time in four sections with 29 coaches and 1,550 passengers. The Midland authorities now announce another excursion to take place next Monday, the train to leave Oswego at 9 A. M. instead of 5 A. M. as heretofore. This will be the fifth grand excursion on the Midland, all which have preceded it having been immensely successful. The Midland is entitled to great credit for breaking the rates and bringing the fare down from \$11 to \$7 to Philadelphia and return, thereby bringing a visit to the Centennial within reach of many who would not otherwise have been able to go. The excursion next Monday will doubtless be another grand success.

Osc. Times, Tuesday.

The Second Assembly District Republican Convention to-day nominated George M. Case, of Fulton, for member.

### Valuable Findings.

Mrs. Daniel Goldschmidt, who arrived in New York from Germany, October 12, was grievously disappointed in a little game of smuggling she was playing. Mrs. Steele, chief of the custom house inspectors, suspected the makeup of Mrs. Goldschmidt's bust and caused her to disrobe for examination. Valuable worth fully \$20,000, of which the following is a list, were brought to light: 10 coral bands, 1 pair gold ear-rings, 1 gold pin, 1 pair enameled ear-rings, 1 diamond stud, 1 diamond stud, 8 pairs pearl studs, 3 coral studs, 1 pair diamond ear-rings, 2 pearl crosses, 1 watch ring, 1 diamond brooch, 1 pearl brooch, 3 small pieces of jewelry, 25 coral beads, 12 gold clips, 1 gold watch, chain and pencil attached, 1 open-faced ladies watch, 1 hunting-case ladies' watch, 1 pearl amethyst pin, 1 cluster diamond ring, 1 gold chain and piece of chain, 1 diamond brooch, 1 diamond pin, with solitaire pearl, 1 cameo, pearl and diamond pin, 1 pearl, diamond and stone brooch, 1 diamond and pearl brooch, 1 diamond cross, worth about \$1,500, 1 diamond pin, with pearl pendant and center, valued at \$1,000. Some more goods of similar import were also found on Miss C. Ide, a companion and nurse of Mrs. Goldschmidt's two children.

### Democratic Rally.

A Democratic meeting was held at Mayo Hall, last evening. Mr. Geo. H. Goodwin was elected chairman, and Messrs. J. D. Hartson and L. L. Thompson, Secretaries. The attendance was large, and the meeting quite enthusiastic. Among the audience were a goodly number of Republicans; also some ladies. After a brief but apposite speech by the chairman, Mr. Geo. W. Bradner addressed the meeting. He discussed the issues of the campaign in an earnest, forcible manner. His "maiden" effort was well received, and at its close he was much applauded.

Prof. H. A. Balam also made a speech (quite a lengthy one), which was listened to quite attentively, and elicited considerable applause.

At the close of the meeting a Tilden and Hendricks Campaign Club was formed. The following were elected officers of the club.

Geo. H. Goodwin, President; Sterling Newell, Peter Gray, E. W. Huntington, Vice Presidents; Geo. W. Bradner, Cortland C. Brown, Secretaries; John D. Hartson, Corresponding Secretary; L. L. Thompson, Treasurer; L. D. Smith, G. A. Dayton, Peter Sandhovel, S. R. Spooner, Joseph Simons, Jacob Brown, John Turk, Cyrus H. Harvey, H. J. Allen, Rufus P. Calkins, John B. Davis, G. Widrick, David Boyd, Francis Villard, Executive Committee.

The Club will hold another meeting on Thursday evening, Oct. 26, at Mayo Hall. Speakers will be present to address the meeting.

### Republican Meetings.

There will be a republican meeting at Holmesville, this (Thursday) evening. Speakers—Hon. N. B. Smith and D. W. C. Peck, Esq.

At Colosse, Tuesday evening, Oct. 24. Speakers—Hon. N. B. Smith and Rev. T. B. White.

At Texas, Tuesday evening, Oct. 24. J. J. Lamoree and D. W. C. Peck.

In this village, on Friday evening, Oct. 27th, a mass meeting will be held. Speakers—Ex-Gov. Harriman of New Hampshire, and Z. R. Pangborn of New Jersey.

### DRIFTS.

—More snow on Sunday.

—We presume the happy event occurred last night.

—The Huntington Guards went to Oswego this morning.

—Mrs. S. S. Breed, (of St. Paul, Minn.) and her little boy, are here at her father's, Mr. John Bennett's.

—Mrs. J. J. Parkhurst (of Chicago) and



